

ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

VOL. I.

GLOBE, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1878.

NO. 19.

Professional Cards

SAM H. WILBY,
Attorney at Law,
Globe, Arizona.

Will practice in all the courts of the Territory. Mining litigation a specialty. 17

O. M. BROWN,
Attorney at Law.
Will practice in the Courts of the Territory. Globe, Pinal County, Arizona.

A. C. SWIFT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
and Notary Public.
Globe, Pinal County, Arizona.
Special attention given to mining claims.

F. L. B. GOODWIN,
Attorney at Law,
Globe, Arizona.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.

G. H. OURY,
Attorney at Law,
Florence, Arizona.

JULIUS W. VAN SLYCK,
Attorney at Law,
McMillen, Maricopa Co., Arizona.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory.

F. STANFORD, L. C. HUGHES,
Attorneys at Law,
Tucson, Arizona.
Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. Special attention will be given to mining interests. 16

E. O. KENNEDY,
Assayer,
McMillen, Arizona.

DONALD ROBE,
Assayer.
Oakvale, Globe District, Arizona.
Samples sent to Oakvale, or left with Mr. Wilson at Merrill, Kellner & Co.'s, will be promptly attended to, and correct results guaranteed.
Fees—For single assay, \$2; special rates for any number over. 14

G. W. MASTON,
Physician and Surgeon,
Globe, Arizona.
Calls promptly attended to, day or night.

A. G. FENDLETON,
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor.
Office at Justice Swasey's News Depot, Main Street, Globe, Arizona.

G. A. SWASEY,
Justice of the Peace, Notary Public,
—AND—
Commissioner of Deeds for all the Pacific States and Territories,
Globe, Arizona.

Offers his services to buyers and sellers of mines, and to locators and owners who wish to procure patents to their claims; also to those wanting deeds, contracts, liens, powers of attorney, notes, bills, letters, or instruments of any kind in writing; and for the verification of oaths and affirmations, and taking of acknowledgments. He will always be found in his office at the Pioneer News Depot, on Main street.

Globe Advertisements

JAS. H. ZIMMERMAN,
Practical Painter,
Globe, Arizona.

Graining, Freezing, Kalsomining, Sign and Ornamental Painting. Work promptly done for cash.

Blacksmith Shop.

D. G. MERRILL, Proprietor.
Main Street, next door to Weaver's Bakery, Globe, Arizona.

All kinds of blacksmithing done in the best style at the shortest notice.
Carriages, Wagons.

Guns, Pistols, and Machinery repaired promptly for cash. 11

GLOBE CITY

Blacksmith Shop,

C. Burns, Proprietor.
All kinds of blacksmithing done on the shortest notice.

Shoeing a Specialty. 10

Globe Advertisements

Globe Saloon,

Main Street, Globe, Arizona.

James Hamilton, Proprietor.

"Jim" sets 'em up for the boys in every style known to the profession, and keeps his bar constantly supplied with the best brands of

Liquors and Cigars.

and assures those who favor him with their patronage, the best in his line. Take a trip through the "Globe" and be convinced. 4

F. B. KNOX. **WM. MCNELLY.**

KNOX & MCNELLY,

PROPRIETORS.

Champion Billiard

— HALL —

Cor. Main and Push Street, Globe, Arizona.

Keep constantly on hand and for sale the finest

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

to be found in the Territory. A first class

Billiard Table and Club Room!

attached. The latest periodicals and magazines constantly on hand for the accommodation of customers and the public generally.

Jean & Jerry's

SALOON.

Main Street, Globe, Arizona.

Our bar is constantly supplied with the choicest brands of

Liquors and Cigars.

PINAL BREWERY,

FRED MEDLER & CO., Proprietors,

Globe, Arizona.

Keeps constantly on hand and for sale at wholesale and retail the best kind of

Lager Beer!

which they offer to citizens of this town and vicinity at the lowest prices; also a

Branch of this Brewery at McMillen, Arizona.

for the accommodation of all who wish to imbibe.

DR. S. C. HEINEMAN,

Prescriptions
Carefully Compounded
at all Hours
of the Day and Night.

GLOBE DRUG STORE.

THE GLOBE

Shaving & Hair Dressing Saloon,

Main Street, Globe, Arizona.

The undersigned having opened the above named saloon asks the patronage of his friends and the public generally. Having had several years experience in the business, he guarantees entire satisfaction. Hair Cutting and Dressing in the latest style.
JACOB ABRAHAM.

Territorial News

Arizona wool is worth 12c to 18c in San Francisco.

A number of good brick buildings are being erected in Phoenix.

Prescott has contributed liberally to a fund for the yellow fever sufferers in the south.

Joseph Phyl, of Phoenix, has been appointed a Deputy U. S. Marshal. A good appointment.

The Senator mill is running steadily, and the yield of bullion is quite satisfactory to its owners.

Rothrock, the photographer, is in Phoenix. He has some really beautiful pictures of notable places in Arizona for sale.

The commanding officer at Camp Thomas is to be held responsible for the inspection of supplies furnished the Indians on the San Carlos reservation.

Three thousand seven hundred and forty pounds of merchandise in four-pound packages, mostly for Tucson, was received at Yuma on the 11th of September.

The bullion shipments through Yuma for the week ending September 13th, amounted to \$79,723 18. The Silver King shipped \$59,000 of this amount.

San Francisco mountain in this Territory is the second highest peak in the United States, being about 14,000 feet high. St. Elias is the highest, being 17,000 feet.

The public free school at Prescott has an average daily attendance of 160 pupils. The school has three departments and nine grades. Three regular teachers and an instructor in music are employed.

Complaints come to us by our exchanges from all parts of the Territory, in regard to our miserable mail facilities. Cheap contractors and negligent postmasters are the cause of many good citizens breaking the fifth commandment.

The new owners of the Vulture mine are surveying and making preparations to work the same on a grand scale. It is the opinion of experts that the vulture mine has not even been scratched over, and that it is the biggest thing in America.

Kerens & Griffith, who operate the stage line between Yuma and Tucson, had ten swell-bodied, thirteen-passenger coaches shipped from Concord, N. H., August 12th. They are nicely upholstered throughout and will be the best ever brought to Arizona.

Under date of August 28th, the Secretary of War informs General Willcox, commander of the department of Arizona, that the mail schedule from Fort Worth, Texas, to Fort Yuma, has been expedited so that the running time will be 18 instead of 17 days.

Yavapai and Mohave counties shipped during the month of August to San Francisco, \$169,000 in bullion. The San Francisco papers do not make much of a blow about the increased bullion shipments from Arizona; but our mines talk for themselves, and are bound to take the front rank among all other mining properties on the Pacific Coast.

The news that Tiptop stock had gone down to an almost nominal figure in San Francisco has had the effect to excite the men employed at the mine, who ought to know more about its future prospects than any body else, that they have telegraphed to San Francisco to buy 3,000 shares—the superintendent takes 1,000 and the other employees take 2,000.

Tom Waters, a saloon-keeper at the Peck mine, and Murphy, a miner, became involved in a dispute relative to an equitable division of some money Murphy had won at poker the night before. Waters had staked Murphy, and not being able to agree on a divide, turned loose on each other with six-shooters. Waters wounded in the shoulder, Murphy unhurt. They were arrested.

The Prescott Miner of the 12th says: The Golden Star mill, near Cave creek, will be ready to start up in about 30 days. At Tiptop 110 men are kept employed taking out ore and prospecting the mine. At

Gillett, the mill is running steadily on rich ore, and the daily yield comes up to about \$1,800. At Bradshaw the mines are yielding splendid ore, and the people of that section feel jubilant over the prospect of soon having two or three quartz mills in full blast.

The contract for carrying a daily mail between Yuma and San Diego, Cal., has recently been let to a firm that intends to put a steam wagon on the route—100 miles of it being across the California desert. A two-horse-power engine has been purchased as the motive power. The wagon will have two driving-wheels of seven feet diameter and twelve inches width of tire. The whole apparatus will weigh about 2,000 pounds when supplied with fuel and water and ready for business. It is intended to make an average speed of eight or ten miles an hour, carrying five or six persons and a moderate weight of baggage and mails. It will consume about ten gallons of water per hour. One man will manage the locomotive, and it is expected that it will be running by the first of October.

As To Stockings.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.
"The riskiest business in America to-day," said Mr. Berwick, "is the dry goods business, and the most unstable part of the dry goods business is in the line of stockings. I never saw anything like it. The caprice of American women concerning stockings is something almost surpassing belief. Two men have within the last month been sent back to the United States from Chemnitz raving lunatics, driven insane by fluctuations in taste in the stocking demand at home."

I thought the statement was a joke, and smiled.
"It's strict truth I'm telling you, and no nonsense. I don't know how much longer I'll hold out. My whole existence is one elongated hose. I eat, sleep, drink, and think of stockings."

"We've got stockings on the brain," said Mr. White.

"On the brain! I should think so," replied Mr. Berwick. "Between the top of my nose and the roof of my head I've got 25,000 dozen of stockings packed away. I used to be able to put the whole subject out of my mind on the Sabbath; now the church I attend is full of stockings. I am wondering during the sermon what the particular taste of every one in the congregation concerning stockings, not excepting the minister and his wife and family. The very pulpit is hung with stockings."

"A perpetual Christmas?"
"Santa Claus is better off than I am, for at least he doesn't have to furnish people with stockings."

"What is it exactly that causes you this great anxiety?" I inquired.
"The constant fear of having twenty or thirty thousand dozen expensive stockings thrown on one's hands, dead stock, to be sold at fifty cents on the dollar of what it costs us, through the crack-brained notion of some few so-called leaders of fashion. Why, one noted lady in a town—one alone—has it in her power to change the styles in stockings in the space of twenty-four hours. Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith can walk into a store, ask to look at the stockings, be shown the greatest novelties, and if the bulk of the stockings happen to be red she has but to say, 'Oh, red is no good now; green's all the rage.' That's enough. From that moment we have to seize people by the throat and maul them to get them to take a red stocking. Why, even the children know it, and cry if their mothers, tempted by the lower price, want to buy the unfashionable color for them. 'Oh, it is dreadful!' exclaimed the excited hosiery merchant. 'Dreadful! Dreadful! It beats Bannister!'

"I infer from your remarks that American women, as purchasers, are somewhat capricious?"

"They are the most capricious, the most extravagant women that God lets live," continued he. "I can't begin to tell you all this nonsense about hosiery. Why, an eighth of an inch in width of stripe is sufficient to ruin a whole invoice of fine hosiery as selling goods. Stewart was bit this way recently. They had 20,000 dozen hose with a stripe that was pronounced a little too narrow or a little too wide, I forget which, and they had to sell the whole lot at less than half cost price in Europe. And they were difficult to get rid of even at that."

Orville Grant Inmate.

From the Chicago Times.
Last Wednesday's dispatch says: Orville Grant, brother of ex-President Grant, was taken to the insane asylum at Morris Plains, N. J., today. Application for his admission as a private patient was made last Monday. The step has been under consideration for some time. Nothing was known publicly till he was arrested on Tuesday evening. His friends say that his reason has been gradually giving way since he applied for the trading post on the Missouri. He always contended that his political associates robbed him of the emoluments of that office, and he afterward plunged into speculation. When he moved to Elizabeth, N. J., with his family, it was believed he was financially embarrassed. He received assistance from his relatives. His residence is in the most aristocratic portion of Elizabeth. His brother-in-law, A. R. Corbin, of Black Friday fame, lives on the opposite corner. Last December, Orville Grant went to California to look after supposed mining interests. He was a second Col. Sellers, and imagined he saw millions in everything he touched. He took an interest in calf-skins, and talked incessantly about his business projects and speculations in his family circle. He would not listen to the entreaties of his wife to be cautious, and threatened a corner in calf-skins, purchasing them at 50c and selling them at \$2 a piece. He was to buy 300,000. He then thought of pinnos, and neglected his family and became careless in his personal appearance. On his return from Boston last Friday, he said he had negotiated for a million sewing machines at \$5 50 each, and that he would complete all his projects within two weeks. The family physician, Dr. Morton, was at once consulted. Last Saturday, Orville Grant came to New York, and attended general horse auctions, making extravagant bids for several purchases. Last Thursday, Orville promised to return to Elizabeth by an early train, and it was determined to arrest him at the station. As the train arrived at the depot, Constable Douvan was stationed at one end of the platform, and Officer Depley in the middle. Orville Grant jumped from the first car and walked toward the officers at a brisk step. He was shabbily dressed, and was rushing past the restaurant, when Officer Depley tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You are my prisoner, sir." Grant laughed and replied: "All right; please order a carriage for us." No papers were shown, and the officer led Grant by the coat to a carriage, in the presence of a crowd of two hundred persons. As Grant approached the carriage he refused to enter, and the crowd became demonstrative. Finally he entered the carriage, one officer taking a seat with the driver. When the party reached the Union county jail Grant was placed in the prisoners' room. The application for Grant's removal was shown him, and he read it with complaisance. Grant was then put under lock and key. His son Harry was sent for, and with the father's son, played cards with Orville. Later, Grant became boisterous and insisted upon being released. On yesterday morning he got enraged at an open carriage that was driven up to the door. He shouted to the driver to move on, but he got no reply. Orville shouted again: "I tell you, move along, or I will buy out your whole arrangement and knock you out of a position." He shook his fists at him. A large crowd collected, and a carriage was called, and the officers drove Grant away. On the way to the asylum, Grant related the incidents of his career from the time he entered his father's tannery at the

age of 17, and how he had lost all his property in the Chicago fire. He spoke of his political position in Missouri and of his speculations. After referring to the purchase of horses in New York, he said: "I look upon this ride, gentlemen, as a huge joke, and I shall return with you to Elizabeth. With a business man like myself, however, you are carrying it too far." Mr. and Mrs. Corbin and Grant's son met the party at the asylum, shook hands with Grant, and bade him good-by, after which he was taken to a private room. The doctors say it is a genuine case of insanity.

A Promising Bride.

From the Chicago Times.
Mrs. Inga Hanson, a Norwegian woman, of this city, is without doubt one of the marvels of the age. If she had lived in the days of the old Spartan mothers she would not only have been accorded, during her life, a high place among the people, but on her demise have been elevated among the gods, but in these days, when the scriptural injunction touching a replenishment of the earth is more observed in the breach than in the fulfillment, she will simply be regarded as a very extraordinary woman. The lady is bright, blooming, and quite attractive, and has just rounded her thirty-eighth year. Notwithstanding her comparatively few years, she is the mother of no less than twenty children, and, if prospective matrimonial relations prove auspicious, there is a possibility that she may still increase her string. On Friday she appeared before the window at the county clerk's office, arrayed in her best, and looking like a young damsel just about to venture on the matrimonial sea for the first time, and her companion, Mr. Chas. A. Brown, blandly asked for a license to allow the lady and himself to become legally united. When her first husband shuffled off this mortal coil she did not state, but she kindly explained that during her married life she had had twins on four different occasions, and on other occasions the remaining twelve that made up her small family had come into life one at a time. Mr. Brown looks like an able-bodied man, and, as he ventures into married life for the first time, the probabilities are incalculable. He certainly has an interesting family on his hands and, as the inference was drawn from what she stated that all her children are alive, it is probable that he will be obliged in course of time to rent a good-sized hotel in order to accommodate the family. Both seemed pleased with each other, and by this time he is probably looked up to as a father by the owners of forty eyes. What an experience for a man! Will he survive the trying ordeal?

A Patent Refused.

From the San Francisco Daily Call.
The Commissioner of Patents refuses to issue a certificate on a chalk mark. "A chalk mark!" the reader will exclaim; "and pray, what can that mean?" Simply this: J. J. Strong and his wife, Kate M. Strong, of Tallmaga, Ga., allege that to draw a ring with a piece of chalk around any given number of ants, they are imprisoned and cannot get out. The ants will traverse the circuit, but for some unexplained reason have no power to get over the line. Now, in the cupboards of many country dwellings ants are very troublesome. The Strong's argue that if the ants cannot cross a chalk line, it is only necessary to draw a number of chalk lines on the shelves of the cupboards to keep them off, and for this discovery they make application for letters patent, with the result above related. The Commissioner of the Patent Office was amused at the novelty of the application, but could find "nothing in it." The Strong's are by no means satisfied with this decision, and being in comfortable circumstances, are determined to find out whether the law is on their side. They have filed their appeal in the Circuit Court of the United States, and it will rest with that authority to say whether they are entitled to a patent on the chalk mark or not.